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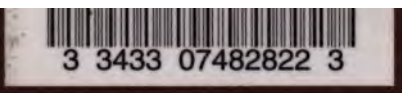
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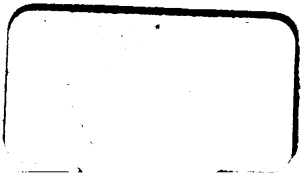
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KINNIKINIC



Clara Treadway Weir

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CIRCULATING DEPARTMENT

KINNIKINIC

A BOOK OF WESTERN VERSE

BY

CLARA TREADWAY WEIR

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
HAROLD STOBEL

NEW YORK
IVAN SOMERVILLE & CO.
1917



Clara Barton

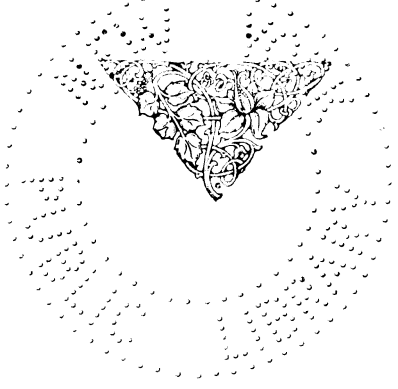
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I dedicate this book to one
Who represents to me,
In all its varied meaning,
Just what a man should be.

TO
MY HUSBAND
THOMAS WEIR

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KINNIKINIC



"BARBARA."

PROPERTY OF
THE CITY OF NEW YORK



KINNIKINIC

BEAR BERRY

IT grows not on the mountain peaks,
Where snows eternal shine;
It springs not in the valley—
This ever-living vine;
But just midway is has its birth,
And closely clings to mother-earth.

It spreads its gray, green mantle
O'er the middle mountain waste;
And makes cheerful with its presence,
Full many a dreary place.
It thrives on Nature's scant supply
And nothing can its touch defy.

Storms have no power, beneath dull skies
Its scarlet berries shine;
Frost touches, but it injures not
This hardy Western vine;
And steadfastly it gleams and glows
Beneath the drifts of winter's snows.

The Indians seek its leaves to smoke
Within their pipes of peace,
And from their tepees issues forth
Its breath on ministries,
They gather it from off the sod
As incense to their unknown God.

Go forth, my little book, and take
Ensample from the vine;
And though thou can'st not on the heights
Of heaven-born genius shine,
Although wings are denied to thee,
Fall not below my hopes of thee.

Be thou content midway to dwell
Upon the mountains high;
Give freely what thou hast to give
To weary passers-by;
Send ever forth a kindly ray
To cheer, therewith, some cloudy day.

And thus shalt thou requite to me
All that I ask or hope;
Thy mission thus shall be fulfilled
Upon the Western slope;
And by thy side full close entwine
Kinnikinic, thy sister vine.



"Gown after gown of that long treasure store
Was paraded the length of the old attic floor."

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BARBARA

SUCH a sweet girl was Barbara, merry and free
And loving and winsome at eighteen was she;
But the one cloud that hung o'er her young life, alas!
Was the saintly perfection of Grandmother Bass;
Her mother and aunts had in council most wise
Considered her figure, her color, and size,
And concluded, although in a crowd she might pass,
Still she was not at all like her Grandmother Bass.

"My dear," sighed her mother, "I sorrow to see
That you have in your nature so much levity;
Your dignity's lacking—it doesn't seem right
For a girl to be laughing from morning till night,
And your flirting, and dancing, and lovers," she said,
"Dear Barbara, drive me quite out of my head.
I wish, I do wish, and I can't let it pass,
That you were just a little like Grandmother Bass."

Poor Barbara! All of her life was so new,
Every flower was glistening with sunshine and dew,
The whole world ran over with perfume and light,
Not a song-bird of spring was more filled with delight,
And to laugh and to sing was her nature, alas!
Though such things were not told of her Gramdmother Bass.
Well, her small social world on one bright autumn day
Was thrown into commotion, and this was the way.

Invitations were out for a fancy dress fair,
And the popular question was, "What shall you wear?"
Now up in the attic, sweet Barbara knew
There was clothing, that had not been open to view
For the last sixty years, and she thought in despair
How fine it would be if she only could wear
Some costume, there carefully treasured and hid
In the old packing-box, with the camphor wood lid.

But what would mother say? She feared that she knew;
Yet she still persevered with her object in view.
A reluctant permission at last was obtained
And she flew to her work, with this victory gained.
Quickly then were upturned from their long resting-places
Those quaintly made garments of brocade and laces
That diffused an aroma, peculiar and old
From the roses and lavender pressed in each fold.

She clad her young figure, so full yet so slight,
In one dress then another in girlish delight,
And gown after gown of that long treasured store
Was paraded the length of the old attic floor;
But the one that at last found most grace in her sight
Was of soft silken tissue, striped scarlet and white.
There were only four breadths in the skirt, I believe,
For the fulness was all in the mutton-leg sleeve.

The corsage was short and exceedingly low,
As the fashion demanded a long time ago,
And was trimmed in profusion with rich, dainty lace;
How it fitted her figure and suited her face!
There were white satin slippers, with high heels of red,
And a quaint cap of lace to be worn on the head,
And a bag for the arm,—it was once called a pocket—
Of course she peeped in it the moment she got it!



" This evening, surrounded by simpering gallants."

251 WEST 13 STREET

What is this? An old letter—why yes, that is pat—
Folded up in the shape of a loyal cocked hat,
And addressed, in the primmest of writing e'er seen,
To her grandmother's maiden name, Barbara Dean.
Should she read it? She held with a tremulous hold
This strange looking letter, so yellow and old,
Whose owner had many long years been at rest—
If she stood here just now, would she be much distressed
At the thought of her granddaughter's daring to wear
Her respectable robe, to a fancy dress fair?

And a vision, that well by description she knew,
Of her stern, faultless grandmother, rose to her view.
With a shiver of dread and her heart beating fast,
She unfolded and read that small note from the past.
'Twas a love letter, written in jealous despair,
And a picture was drawn of her grandmother there
That was not half so saintly as those she had known,
For it surely depicted some faults like her own.

Thus it ran: "Mistress Barbara, making so bold
By the love that I bear you—your promise I hold—
I would mention some things that unseemly appear,
Though I risk your displeasure, dear lady, I fear.
This evening, surrounded by simpering gallants,
I have failed to secure your fair hand for one dance;
While the nosegay you carry, the songs you have sung,
I believe are in honor of Philip De Young.
Your caprice and your coquetry seem indiscreet
To the man who has laid his true heart at your feet;
I am not of a jealous or censuring mind,
But your conduct to-night I deem very unkind.
Show repentance, I pray, e'er the evening doth pass,
To your unhappy lover—John Benjamin Bass."

Had the heavens come down? Was she fully awake?
It seemed that there must be some dreadful mistake;
For the saint who had beamed o'er her wayward young life
As a paragon mother, a model, true wife,
By the note that she held, 'twas conclusively shown,
Had possessed in her youth many faults like her own.
That night at the fair, in her old fashioned gown,
Dear Barbara turned half the heads in the town;

But with womanly sweetness she afterwards read
The letter she held to her own lover Fred,
And she said, "If you'll let my own shortcomings pass,
Who knows?—I may yet grow like Grandmother Bass."
But the tongues of her household were stayed, sure and fast,
And the ghost of her grandmother rested at last;
Yet she thought every time that she looked in the glass
Of her chances of growing like Grandmother Bass.

Oh, the stream at its fountain must babble and sing,
Reflecting the beauty of blossoming spring—
Will gurgle and laugh, all untrammelled and free
Ere it swells to a river and sweeps to the sea.



"On which a trembling came to place
A slender diamond ring."

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CIRCULATING DEPARTMENT.

A PANTOMIME

THE streets were filled with passers-by,
The summer sun sank down
With slanting beam and mellow ray,
Behind the busy town;
Across the street from where I sat,
A window, open wide,
Was partly draped by curtains
Sweeping back on either side;

And thus the window sill appeared
All broad and white between,
And resting kindly on its edge
A pair of hands was seen;
A pair of quite uneven hands
If balanced in a scale,
For one was very muscular,
The other very frail.

But, judging by the sequel,
I concluded that, of course,
The smaller of the hands I saw
Had most magnetic force;
Because the large and sunburned one
Had such an easy way
Of ever moving near it,
As it on the window lay.

They touched—of course it was by chance,
And done with easy grace;
The little hand slid coyly back
And hid beneath the lace;
Then peeping out, as though to say
That must not happen more,
It looked just twice as tempting
As it had done before.

So, after much of skirmishing,
Advancing, and retreat,
The two in some peculiar way
Again had chanced to meet,
This time with easy confidence
The brown hand held the white,
And clasping it about so close
It hid it from my sight,

Except one finger, which appeared
All fair and tapering,
On which a third hand came to place
A slender diamond ring.
The sun had long since hidden
Behind the western trees;
The curtains o'er the two clasped hands
Moved idly in the breeze.

I had seen the old, old story told
In many and many a way:
By eyes, to eyes that spoke again,
And in Shakspearian play;

But never yet had I beheld
A tableau half as fine
As this, enacted o'er the way
In living pantomime.

God bless you, hands! Hold fast and true
Through all the coming years,
Clasping in love and sympathy
Through all your smiles and tears;
And when you ford the river
Running cold and dark and still,
Clasp you each other just as close
As now upon the sill.



MARIGOLDS

TRANSFIXED by some familiar glow,
Upon the pavement's crowded space
I pause, with lingering foot and slow,
As though I saw a well-known face:
A blending of deep, rich maroon,
Orange and yellow, fold on fold,
Amid the florist's window blooms
A mass of velvet marigold.

I mind me, when a child, it grew
Within my mother's garden plot,
And all the long, bright summer through
It throve, although I loved it not;
But now, the memories it brings
Of those dear hands, that gave it care,
A host of sweet forgotten things
Cluster about and make it fair.

The dainty Boston beauty wreathed
Her drooping sprays beside the wall,
And double damask roses breathed
Delicious fragrance over all,
And southern wood, and fair sweet peas
Were there within her garden fold,
But still she treasured more than these
The dear, old-fashioned marigold.

How often at the evening time,
Having transgressed the well-known rule,
And pale, faint stars began to shine
Ere I came loitering home from school,
That heavy, pungent odor bore
A deep foreboding to my soul,
The stern reproof which was in store
Was whispered by the marigold.

Ah mother dear, if I could come,
Confessing failings, great and small,
And find you waiting me at home
When evening shades begin to fall,
How would I greet with heart elate
And joy and tenderness untold,
That which now speaks of heaven's gate—
Your life-long friend—the marigold!

A VALENTINE

ON this day in all its fleetness
Send I thee, in its completeness,
Love; which is life's truest wine:
 Treasure it, dear Valentine.

For the day with joy or sorrow
Giveth place unto tomorrow:
Cling to love, while it is thine:
 It shall bless thee, Valentine.

If our hearts be wed together,
Earth can hold no stormy weather;
Sheltered by this love divine
 Heaven is ours, dear Valentine.

Give some sign or send a token,
If the words my heart has spoken,
Find an answering chord in thine:
 Send and bless your Valentine.



THE DIFFERENCE

THEY stood at the pasture bars,
While the full moon o'er the sea
Of billowy grass and waving grain
Rose bright and solemnly;
And the crickets at their feet
Sang soft their merry strain,
And he said, "The dew is falling, sweet,
And I must not remain.

"But the time is drawing near
When I'll never need to go;
Are you happy in the thought, dear,
That God has willed it so?"
And the dew that kissed the rose
And the pansies sweet and dim,
Could never shine so softly bright
As the eyes that answered him.

That hour at the farm-house door,
With a kerchief o'er his head,
Impatiently the good man stood
While to his wife he said:
"The dew is falling heavily,
And Margery still is out;
Young people nowadays don't seem
To know what they're about."

THE DIFFERENCE

"Reuben," a soft voice whispered
While a hand stole through his arm,
"You do not think the same to-night
You did at father's farm;
Can't you remember, husband,
When we stayed out just so?"
But he drew the kerchief o'er his head,
And stoutly answered, "No."

"Don't you remember, Reuben,
When the moon hung full and low,
How long it took to say good-night?"
And still he answered "No!"
"Perhaps I do," he said at last,
"But, Roxy, it is strange
How, after years and years go by
People's ideas change."

"Ah, true indeed!" she murmured,
As she smoothed her silver hair,
And a tear stole softly down the cheek
Faded with time and care.
"Now, Roxy, little woman
Pray do not take offence;
The love is better, stronger far,
That comes with common sense."



THE BLUE DANUBE WALTZ

I CANNOT hear the Danube played
Without a little sigh
Of happiness and thankfulness
For pleasures long gone by;
And memories come trooping
Like a cloud of butterflies,
And with their bright, ethereal wings
They fill the earth and skies.

Oh, polished floors and brilliant lights,
And flowers so deadly sweet!
You floated on a cloud of bliss
Unconscious of your feet,
Although your feet were neatly clad
In just one dainty hue—
Stockings and slippers quite complete
In yellow, pink or blue;

Your gown of organdie or tulle
Bound at your girlish waist
With yards and yards of ribbon sash
Twined with cascaded lace;
And then the curls, the wealth of curls
So fluffy and so bright,
One could not think they had been rolled
On lead or cloth at night,

THE BLUE DANUBE WALTZ

Unless one's self had been the one
To find there was no fun
In going to sleep a dozen times
Before you got them done.
And then the waltz, the German waltz,
(There was no two-step then)
Was called reverse, you circled on
Then circled back again.

We danced with 'Daisey,' 'Newt' and 'Ed'
Our programs always filled;
We never sat a single dance,
We could not if we willed!
Ah, where are all the dear old chums
The fair girls and their beaux?
I fear at dances nowadays
They sit along in rows

And watch their children two-step,
As they circle all about;
It is too much work to dance, when you
Are middle-aged and stout!
And some who were the gayest,
And some who were the best,
Have laid aside life's joys and cares
And entered into rest.

And still, thou dear Blue Danube waltz,
Thy praises shall be sung,
For making pleasure more complete
When life and joys were young.



THE CIRCUS PARADE

ROUND, eager eyes, blue, black and gray,
All anxiously await;
The circus soon will pass this way,
The children are elate.
One small girl, with her stocking down,
Blue-eyed and motherly,
Leads by a toddling little one,
And pipes up cheerily:

"Oh, there, it's coming! Don't you hear
The bugle and the drum?
In seems we've waited here a year:
Come, baby, can't you run?
Keep on your bonnet; you'll get tanned.
Say, Tom, don't get ahead!
Take hold of baby's other hand;
You know what mamma said.

"Just hear the music! There they come,
All trimmed with red and gold;
Let's count the cages, one by one;
What do you think they hold?
Yes; very likely, bears and things;
Just like the pictures there,
And birds with pretty tails and wings;
Look, brother! I declare!

"There comes the elephant! Oh, dear,
How large he is, and stout!
Be careful, Tom; don't go too near,
Do mind what you're about!
And that's the music wagon, rolled
So lovely; look and see;
It's really made of solid gold,
As splendid as can be.

"That lady looks just like a queen,
All dressed in gold and blue.
(When I'm a woman grown, I mean
To join a circus, too.)
Yes, that's a lion; see him turn
His head from side to side;
I wonder if he had to learn
To sit up there and ride.

"If he should jump this way and come,
Whatever should I do?
Baby's so fat I couldn't run,
He'd have to eat us two.
Hush, don't you cry, now baby dear,
You silly little thing!
He couldn't get you; don't you see
He's fastened with a string?

"Here come the clowns; what funny men!
These horses are the last.
Ma said we couldn't follow them,
And now they're all gone past.
Where's Tom, my brother, Tommy Brown?
He's gone and run away.
I wish a circus came to town
And passed here every day!"



THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

THERE'S a mist of snow in the air,
And the crash of sleigh-bells sweet,
And bright eyes sparkle and people smile,
As the crowds press by in the street;
There is expectation everywhere,
And the Christmas spirit is in the air.

There are parcels of every size
And known and unknown shape,
Stuffed into pockets from prying eyes,
Held beneath ulster and cape.
The rich and the poor on one level are met,
For the holiday no one on earth can forget.

Three men at a corner stood
In the brilliant glare of the street,
Rough and noisy, in evil mood;
They hear a small voice sweet,
"Please, do you know Mr. Santa Claus?
I wanted to find him because—because—

"My papa has gone to Heaven,
And mamma is sick in bed.
My sister says there's no Santa Claus,
But I don't mind what she said,
For papa told me—oh, long ago—
And surely my papa ought to know."

And there in the sleet and snow
Stood a boy of three or over,
No wrap or coat the baby form
And the golden head to cover;
And the pleading eyes in their swimming
tears
Proclaimed the conflict of hopes and fears.

"We have moved to another place,
Where the alley is dark, you see;
So Santa Claus never might find us out
With no one to tell him but me,
And I am so little and not much old,
So wet and hungry, and oh, so cold!"

The three rough men looked down
As the sweet voice made a pause,
Said one in rather a husky voice:
"I used to know Santa Claus;
I'll tell him tonight, if I see him come,
To bring some things to you, little one."

And he takes the baby up,
And he thinks of his own at home,
With more of the father's love at heart
Than he ever before has known;
And he says: "Now what would you have
him bring,
If you could ask him for anything?"

There's a joyful, trusting smile
And a gleam in the eyes of blue:
"Oh, I'm so glad there's a Santa Claus,
And you know him for truly, true.
I felt so bad and it hurted me
To have Bess say that he wasn't he.

"I want medicine for mamma,
And a new warm dress for Bess,
And anything he may leave for me,
A candy-stick, I guess.
He must lay it across the stocking, so
That it can't fall out of the hole in the toe."

Then the drowsy head droops down
On its new-found resting place,
And the golden hair, like an aureole,
Surrounds the sweet, small face;
And the heart of the man who holds
him springs
Out of himself toward better things.

And they carry the baby home
And see in that wretched place
The wish of the little one fulfilled
Ere the dawn of the day of grace;
And brightly the Christmas sunshine shone
With a new surprise in that humble home.

Ah, beautiful, childish faith,
Believe what is pure and good!
And who would sweep that illusion off
From the soul of your babyhood?
You will feel Christ's birthday more sweet
because
Of the services here of his Santa Claus.

A LOVE SONG

THERE'S a band of blue ribbon, my darling,
Which runs through the night and the day,
Slipping quietly into the meshes of thought,
Whatever the words I may say.
Such a bonny bright band of blue ribbon,
All sunshine and rain it gleams through!
It was sent to my heart by the Father of love—
'Tis the thought which I have, dear, of you.

THE UNDERTONE

WE weep when we see distress,
We grieve when we know of wrong,
And give our strength with willingness
To help the weak along;
Yet, breaking through our sympathy,
Comes some happy, glad heart song,
Which, like a fountain of water clear,
Can never be hidden long.

We part with the friends we love,
We fail in our highest aim,
And feel that we never can rise above
Our grief, and sorrow, and pain;
Yet, breaking through the serious mood
Comes the glad, clear heart refrain,
Surprising us with its sudden light,
Like sunshine after rain.

From its source on the mountain top,
'Tis the course of the stream to run
Through many a lonely, shady spot,
Then out into the sun,
Dimpling and laughing joyously
As it hastens on, and on;
And forever glad of the sunshine bright,
Till the sea at last is won.

OUR EMBLEM

WHAT IT MEANS TO US

Toast given at Spirit of Liberty Chapter of D. A. R. at Salt Lake City, February 22, 1907

OUR emblem is a golden wheel,
 Banded with deepest blue;
Each shining spoke tipped with a star,
 The distaff showing through.
The only jewel in the world
 That money cannot buy
Without such proof of ancestry
 As no one can deny.

It glows on many a bosom
 In silken garments dressed,
Of many a proud-faced daughter,
 More favored than the rest.
They gladly do it honor,
 And give it place to shine
In all its blue, gold beauty
 And simple, quaint design.

It shines on many a bosom
 Of daughters, who, each day
Must toil and strive with hand and brain,
 Upon life's weary way.
Untold the pride and pleasure
 And honor which they feel,
In wearing that which levels all—
 The distaff and the wheel.

OUR EMBLEM

That emblem tells a story
Each one can understand:
"This woman has descended,
From a hero of our land,
From one of those who fought and bled,
And died, perchance, that we
Should reap of his great sacrifice
A Nation's liberty."

It tells of Washington and those
Whom he inspired on earth;
Of how those patriots fought and died,
To give our land its birth;
Starving, ill-clad, they struggled,
Upon the land and sea,
The god of battle granted them
Triumphant victory.

And now the flag we love so well
In glorious beauty waves
Over the land which holds and guards
So many patriot graves.
Their daughters wear this emblem
And with steadfast faith they pray
That for our Nation's honor
We be brave and true, as they.

WITH LITTLE SOCKS TO A FRIEND

IF any little stranger
Should, on some future day,
Come to you unexpectedly
And have a mind to stay;
Coming so weak and helpless,
With small feet pink and bare,
You'd need some little, soft, wee socks—
And so I send a pair.



THE WAY

HE said: "I can drink, in a social way,
With other friends of mine,
Then stop, whenever the word I say,
Yes, stop sir, every time!
I surely would never take a drop
If I did not know just the time to stop.

"I take a glass of it, now and then,
It steadies my nerves, 'tis true;
One scarcely can be a man among men
And not do as others do.
And I should despise myself, I think,
If I knew that I did not dare to drink."

So not a friend could stay the speed
With which he pursued his way,
That led, as other roads must lead,
To its end, in the usual way.
He lived, to liquor a helpless slave,
And he fills to-day a drunkard's grave.

THE WAY

This stopping at will, is an old, old tune,
No easier to pursue
Than to stop the new, young, slender moon
From coming full when due;
Or a loosened car on a sharp incline,
Or a bucket, free in the shaft of a mine.

He fills a drunkard's grave to-day,
And it's only a single one
Of the million graves that are yawning wide,
For those who will surely come.
Whose footsteps are pointing to this spot?
They are those "who can stop when they wish
to stop."



UNCUT LEAVES

OH, a wonderful book is the book of life,
Whether the binding be rich and fair
With illuminations and gildings rife,
On the finest vellum, thick and rare;
Or whether the binding be poor and mean,
Faded and cheap, and flimsy withal,
The veriest prose that was ever seen,
To be found for a trifle in any stall:—
And still the discerning spirit grieves
To know that each volume has uncut leaves.

'Tis a wonderful work from a Master's hand,
Where comedy, tragedy, smiles and tears
Swiftly tread on the shining sand,
As the scenes are shifted by passing years;
And there from the light of day are hid
All things beautiful, good and fair,
In the brief enclosure, from lid to lid,
Whatever the heart desires, is there:—
But oh, how the spirit grieves and grieves,
O'er the pitiful pathos of uncut leaves.

There is fair Success with her beckoning hand,
And Health with her rosy and laughing face,
There is home, and peace, and a smiling land
Where heart-ache never can find a place.
There are beautiful children between the leaves

A PICTURE OF THE VENETIAN SEA

(ACCOMPANYING A WEDDING GIFT)

MAY thy life pure and placid be
As shines the blue Venetian Sea,
With tints of rose and amethyst,
By sunlight and fair breezes kissed;
And when the evening hour draws near
Thy life still like that sea appear;
When, sunlight fades from sandy bars
Its surface gleam, all heaven and stars.

WRITTEN FOR MRS. W. R. W.

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF HER
BIRTHDAY AND WEDDING, 1895

MANY happy returns
Of the day you entered life!
And many happy returns
Of the day you became a wife!
And may God grant to you,
In the years that yet befall,
To keep the blessings that you have
And multiply them all.

IN MEMORY OF HELEN CHAIN

MR. AND MRS. J. A. CHAIN, LOST ON S. S. BOKARA OFF THE COAST OF CHINA IN 1890.

IN loving hearts a requiem
 Is breathing sad and low,
For one who was as good and true
 As earth shall ever know;
And tears are falling silently
 For her, who 'neath the wave
In foreign seas, neath alien skies,
 Has found an early grave.

"Behold the bridegroom cometh."
 The voice came in the night;
But we know she rose to meet it
 With her lamp all trimmed and bright.
And though upon a storm-tossed sea
 Death's angel entered in,
We know the Christian confidence
 With which she answered him.

Her journeyings now are over,
 Her glad bright eyes behold,
More fair than any earthly scene,
 "The city paved with gold."
And hand in hand with him she loved,
 Whose path had been her own,
She passed from out the stormy night
 To the glory of God's throne.

IN MEMORY OF HELEN CHAIN

We cannot lay her body by
In consecrated ground,
We cannot place the flowers she loved
Upon her burial mound.
Her sweet, calm face and willing hands
Are hidden 'neath the sea;
But let each heart that mourns her loss
Embalm her memory.

Upon the canvas glows and shines
That which her brush has caught,
Parts of the fleeting loveliness
With which the earth is fraught.
Her genius and her patient toil
Have well reflected there
That brave, true spirit which was sent
To make this life more fair.

And who can raise a monument
Purer, beneath the sun,
Than she has built in loving hearts,
By good deeds gladly done?
And faithful memory and love
Shall add, from day to day,
A lustre which is not of earth,
And cannot pass away.

I AM THE WAY

SO often have I stood where diverse ways
Led East and West,
And pondered many weary days,
Which road were best;
Which one, if it were made my choice,
Were pleasantest.

And I have chosen, trusting my own strength,
To follow on;
And often, often, I have found at length
That it was wrong,
When all too late to remedy
What I had done.

But now, I leave it all to God,
To show the path to take,
And who so trusts upon His choice
Can never hesitate;
For, in the wisdom of His sight,
There can be no mistake.

A BIRTHDAY WISH

TO S. E. W., D. D., ON HIS 71ST BIRTHDAY
DECEMBER 18, 1896.

GOD bless your birthday, may His love
Shine on this morn,
(He blessed the world indeed, the day
That you were born—)
And may the bread your hand has cast
Upon the earth's troubled tide
Come as refreshment back, until
Your soul is satisfied.

TO MY FRIEND

Christmas, 1900.

GOD keep thee in His peace!
The world is wide,
And so much woe and sorrow
may betide,
The sweetest and most loving
hearts that beat,
That night and morning
I can but repeat,
To Him who listens and whose
love is sure:—
Keep these for whom I pray, dear Lord,
Oh, keep secure,
Within Thy peace.



WHITE CLOVER

LOOK the world over,
 There's nothing as sweet
As the dainty white clover
 That blooms at your feet.

An alien in part—
 To the west scarcely known—
It brings to my heart
 A dear vision of home.

I see how it springs
 'Mid the tall meadow grass,
Where the oriole sings
 And the butterflies pass;

Where wild strawberries grow
 And pale apple-blooms fall,
And the field daisies show
 Golden-eyed over all.

In charming completeness
 A picture I trace,
Where, framed by its sweetness,
 I see mother's face.

WHITE CLOVER

Ah, dear little clover,
Thy magic I own,
And am still thy true lover,
Thou symbol of home.

For, all the world over,
There's nothing as sweet
As the fragrant white clover
That blooms at your feet.



THE REASON WHY

AFTER having seen the play,
Six young ladies sat together,
Talking, in a sprightly way,
Somewhat gossip, somewhat weather,
Dainty bits of this and that,
Such as make up friendly chat.

Finally they touched upon
Last night's play, and then the star;
Said Miss Sarah, full of fun,
"It seems strange how actors are
Mostly sure to rise above
Commonplace in making love.

"It may be an easy thing
For a genius like Remart,
After constant practicing,
To grow perfect in his art.
Girls, though, isn't it a shame
All men cannot be the same!"

"Do you think so really, dear?"
Cried one of the pretty misses;
"Everyone goes wild, I hear,
On the perfect way he kisses;
But last night, I think, for one,
It was not so finely done.

"There is someone I can show
Living right here all the time—
Charley Lane, whom you all know—
Why, his kisses are divine!
Sweet and lingering as can be—
But few know of it save me!"

"Crazy work" neglected lies,
"Kensington" is quite forgot;
Five young ladies scandalized—
Have they heard aright or not?
All intently gaze upon
One poor blushing little one,

Who proceeds in haste to say,
"How I know—he and his brother,
After having been away,
At the depot met their mother;
And he kissed her lovingly—
That's the way I know, you see!"



THE TWILIGHT HOUR

WHEN adown the western skies,
Sunlight into darkness dies,
'Neath my window, sweet and clear,
A fond mother's voice I hear,
Rising soft and soothingly:
"Hush, my baby, by-lo-by,
Hush, my baby, by-lo-by."

Few the words; they seem to me
Perfect in simplicity;
Well she loves the sweet refrain,
Sings it o'er and o'er again,
While the stars shine out on high:
"Hush, my baby, by-lo-by,
Hush, my baby, by-lo-by."

What to her the busy town,
What to her its smile or frown,
Sheltered in that happy nest,
With her babe upon her breast,
Crooning as the moments fly:
"Hush, my baby, by-lo-by,
Hush, my baby, by-lo-by."

THE TWILIGHT HOUR

Music by Geo. E. Shelton



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What to her the busy town,
What to her its smile or frown,
Sheltered in that happy nest,
With her babe upon her breast,
Crooning as the moments fly:

"Hush, etc."

From my listening, selfish heart
Worldly aim and thoughts depart,
And a blessed, holy calm
Falls upon my soul like balm,
Listening to that magic cry:

"Hush, etc."

Earth has music sweet and strong,
Earth has many a heavenly song;
But can angels, in their bliss,
Hear a sweeter song than this,
Wafted upward to the sky:

"Hush, etc."

From my listening, selfish heart
Worldly aim and thoughts depart,
And a blessed, holy calm
Falls upon my soul like balm,
Listening to that magic cry:
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But can angels, in their bliss,
Hear a sweeter song than this,
Wafted upward to the sky:
"Hush, my baby, by-lo-by,
Hush, my baby, by-lo-by."

"THE MILL AT REST"

(ON A PAINTING BY EDWIN DEAKIN)

SILENCE seems never so profound
As when the great mill-wheel at last
Ceases its busy, cheerful round,
And quietly the stream flows past;
So still the place, the tall birch trees
Scarce tremble in the summer breeze.

With shining leaves, they mirrored lie
Within the placid pool below,
While through their tangled net the sky
Does faintly blue and misty show.
Meanwhile, the birds their feathers preen
Sheltered within the leafy screen.

Some soft, low sounds—from whence they steal
One scarce can say, unless it be
Bright drops from off the dripping wheel,
Or birch bark loosening from the tree.
Nature, indeed, has power to bless
Within this haunt of quietness.

The canvas fades; the master's art
So well and cunningly has wrought,
That it of nature seems a part,
And, gazing, there is ne'er a thought
By what strange necromancy we
Behold this scene from over sea.

HE KNOWETH BEST

MY little bird looks up at me
With eyes of pleading misery,
When for a season, less or more,
Upon his cage I close the door
And shut him in.
He loves so well, this small bright thing,
The freedom of his glancing wing,
The power to choose his place of song;
To come and go the whole day long
Is joy to him.

I have no means at my command,
By which to make him understand
The loving service I have done,
The evil I have saved him from
Which I can see.
But soon, forgetting grief and wrong,
He trills again his cheerful song,
And waits the opening of the door,
Which all his little joys restore
And sets him free.

Dear Lord, I thus would yield to Thee
My cheerful, loving loyalty.
Thou dost not tell the reason why
Some heartfelt prayers Thou dost deny,
But this is plain;
(I to my soul sweet comfort take)
Thy wisdom can make no mistake,
And though I grieve, I understand,
And clasp by faith thy loving hand,
Which bears, I trust, my name.



EASTER LILIES

BLOOM fair, ye lilies! Loose the bands
Of your green prison!
Shake out your robes with fairy hands,
For "Christ is risen."

Don all your saintly vestures white,
Ye symbols holy
Of Him who rose with Easter light,
"The meek and lowly."

Lift up your golden eyes to Him
In sweet submission,
Who, fairer and as free from sin,
Was Hope's fruition.

How blessed of all flowers that grow,
Your rite performing,
To deck His shrine with perfumed snow
On Easter morning.

Yet bloom with loveliness the same
In church or prison,
And to each waiting heart proclaim:
"The Lord is risen!"

Oh, may our souls as fair as ye,
His courts adorning,
Join in the choral minstrelsy
Some Easter morning.

VIOLETS

OF all the lovely flowers that blow,
Violets, spring violets,
I send the sweetest ones that grow,—
Spring's first violets.
Woodland breath, and dainty hue;
May they softly whisper you,
Of my friendship warm and true,
Sent to you by violets.

OLD LOVE LETTERS

SOMETIMES when I take me
A wee little space
And look on my life
As it is, face to face,
And regret all the good left undone
And take shame for what little I do,
Then I hie me away at the close of the day
And read my old love letters through.

It is not the sentiment
Penned on each page,
Where the paper is yellow
The ink pale with age,
That I hunger for now at this day
When each love has, long since, found his own,
And in playing life's game has forgotten my name
In the years that have come and have flown.

Ah, those magical letters
A picture supply
Of the girl I was once,
Of that girl who was I—
Loving-hearted and merry withal,
With high hopes of the good she would do,
Who looks out from each page that is yellow with age
When I read my old love letters through.

SOLICITUDE

WHEN dear Dolly goes out
 On old Dobbin to ride,
What a ravishing sight
 To my eye is presented,
As she sits there enthroned
 In her beauty and pride,
How my love for that pink and white
 Maid is augmented!

Though Dobbin is trusty
 And Dobbin is sure,
And in dignified state he will
 Safely uphold you,
Ah, darling, indeed
 I should feel more secure,
If instead of the saddle
 My arms could enfold you.

TO MY GUEST

Enter this chamber, welcome friend,
And may thy rest be sweet.
Thy guardian angel thee attend
With sweet refreshing sleep.
Put off the day's soil for the night,
(Thy clothing and thy cares)
Attired in garments pure and white,
Kneel down and say thy prayers;
The past and future all forego,
A quiet spirit keep,
And thankful close thine eyes, "for so
He giveth His beloved sleep."



CHRISTMAS CAROL

THE morning stars together sang,
The angels joined the glad refrain,
Throughout high heaven their voices rang,
And wafted down the anthem came
Of peace on earth, good will this morn,
For in the night already passed
Lo! Christ was born.

Join in the song ye little ones
Who find upon the Christmas tree
Or in your stocking, brimming full,
Good cause for happiness and glee;
With fresh young voices greet the morn,
For unto you—a Christmas gift—
Lo! Christ is born.

Sing, dainty maidens, fair and sweet
As apple blossoms in the spring;
And youth, just claiming man's estate,
With good will let your voices ring;
Join in the song of joy this morn,
For unto you—a Christmas gift—
Lo! Christ is born.

CHRISTMAS CAROL

Sing, every one on earth to-day,
Whoe'er hath grieved or suffered pain,
Sorrow's dark mantle falls away,
Look up and join the sweet refrain;
With glad accord proclaim the morn,
For in the darkness of your night
Lo! Christ is born.

He comes in gleaming robes of white,
Calm, loving, pitiful, serene;
Fall down before his presence bright,
And touch the robe which has no seam;
With grateful hearts give praise this morn,
For unto all—a blessed gift—
Lo! Christ is born.

THANKSGIVING

THIS morn, O God, on lowly bended knee
Fair Colorado lifts her heart to Thee
In thankful praise;
For all the blessings which the year has brought,
For all the mercies Thy dear hand hath wrought
In divers ways.

We thank Thee, Lord, Thou hast preserved from fire,
From flood, from pestilence, and famine dire
Our much loved land;
Kindly forgiving our unworthiness.
Thou hast seen fit, O Lord, to hold and bless
Within Thy hand.

Snow-capped our mountains, bearing yellow gold,
Smiling our plains, with fruitfulness untold,
Healthful the breeze;
Do Thou, most kindly, graciously draw near,
List, while Thy loving, waiting children here,
Bless Thee for these.

Nothing we ask, in Thee we put our trust.
Thou knowest, Father, what is best for us;
Thy hand alway
Tempers the wind, and whatsoe'er betide
Will bring again a sweet, well-satisfied
Thanksgiving Day.

MY PRAYER

I DO not ask that God shall send
 New gifts from day to day,
Just that the dear familiar ones
 He will not take away;
Contentment, friends, and daily bread,
 And His continued care,
Seem very much for me to ask
 When seeking God in prayer.



THE OLD AND THE NEW

WRITTEN FOR LAST SERVICE IN OLD PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, CORNER SECOND SOUTH AND SECOND EAST STREETS. SALT LAKE CITY, APRIL 16, 1905.

WE are leaving the old church home to-day;
From its sheltering roof we are going away,
With its clinging memories, sweet and dear,
Which have stronger grown with each passing year.
Prayers have gone up from this holy place,
In the hours of need, to the throne of Grace.
Prayers have been answered, full and free,
By our Father who giveth willingly.
Here has baptismal water shed
Its blessings on many a childish head.
Here have the youths and maidens come
To learn the way to the Heavenly home.
And many, before this altar old,
Have entered the Master's earthly fold.
Lovers have plighted their vows for life,
And have left its portals as man and wife.
Here, on many a morning fair,
Lilies have sweetened the Easter air,
And year by year have its Christmas joys
Brightened the lives of the girls and boys.
Here have the blessed words been read
From the Holy Book o'er our sainted dead;

And the world has wept with our sorrow sore,
With the little white hearse at the old church door.
These are the thoughts which hallow to-day
The place from which we are going away.

This is the old. We go forth to the new,
A household of faith which is tried and true,
Pastor and people whose hopes are one;
Where we are lead, we are following on;
From one tent in the wilderness to-day
We pass to another; God leads the way.
The ark of his Covenant still must rest
Just where, in his wisdom, it seemeth best.
The harvest is white which we go to claim,
With courage and strength, in our Master's name.



COLORADO

NO lovelier maiden does the sun
In all his course look down upon
From cloudless skies of ether blue,
With loving eye, steadfast and true,
Charmed by her beauty and her grace,
He smiles forever on her face.
Of sister States the youngest one,
Her birth-place near the setting sun,
Our God has held her in His care,
And yearly she has grown more fair.
Well taught in church and school is she
To fill her place with dignity.
A quiet taste is in her gown
Of springtime green or autumn brown,
Brilliant and beautiful and sweet
The wild flowers spring beneath her feet.
No maiden can successful vie
With her substantial legacy;
Yet year by year to industry
She gives her young hands willingly.

Her fertile lands yield rich increase,
Her manufactures never cease;
And snow-capped mountains, strong and old,
Contain her riches manifold,

While flocks and herds on either hand,
In mountain parks, on prairie land,
Improve and richly multiply,
And all the Eastern world defy.

God's blessing on our fair young State,
For her may future glory wait,
And still her air give life and health,
And still her traffic teem with wealth,
And down the dim, far-coming days,
Ring fair dear Colorado's praise.



IN A BUCKET

WAS she really flirtatious? Indeed, I should say,
Or appearances strangely belied her to me;
With a mood like a dress for each part of the day,
And as charming in each as a woman could be.
Well, I held out at first—I was loath to confess
I was really in love with a girl of that style;
And then, I'd a partial engagement with Bess,
Whom I thought I would marry yet, after a while.

With that half understanding, I didn't feel free
To make love, though I did, to another just then;
One can't tell what he'll do till the time comes, you see—
I thought I was quite the most steadfast of men.
Then she wouldn't believe me, whatever I said,
And I grew more in earnest to prove it was true;
But I had not much chance to convince her, for Ned
And her mother and sister went everywhere, too.

When I saw where my footsteps were tending, I tried,
Conscientiously tried, to keep out of their way
Until I just felt I must see her; beside,
She showed no concern—I could go or could stay.
No, I'm not going to rave, you know all I could say,
You've been there yourself, I presume, in your time;
I was just good for nothing when she was away,
And the third one along looked to me like design.



"For protection, I just put my ~~arm round~~ her waist."

New York Public Library,
Jackson Square Branch:
251 WEST 13TH STREET
CIRCULATING DEPARTMENT.

Till one day at Ruby, that queer little camp,
On the side of the mountain so near to the snow,
We all started out for our usual tramp
Without any design as to where we would go;
Till we met with a friend at the Forest Queen mine,
Who asked us to go down the shaft to explore
The large excavation—he came just in time,
And the ladies were sure that a treat was in store.

We went down in the bucket (we could have gone in
Through the tunnel, I learned later on in the day);
But now was the time for my luck to begin—
I was suited, indeed, going down in that way,
Well, our friend and mamma were the first ones who went,
Then Miss Fannie and Ned followed next on the list,
Leaving us two alone for the swift, dark descent;
Fate sent me that chance, I shall ever insist.

Down into the shaft, while the light faded out,
And the damp air arose with such swift chilly haste
That she really was frightened, there wasn't a doubt;
For protection, I just put my arm round her waist.
How she clung to me, frightened, I'll never forget;
All her teasing and nonsense for once were laid by.
She'd have clung just the same to a stranger, and yet
You'll believe me, of course, I was glad it was I.

To our rapid descent came a slackening speed,
And we hung there midway, in the damp, chilly air,
To this day I don't know what the cause was—indeed,
I was suited so well that I really don't care,

She was trembling with terror—her dear, saucy head
Smothered down on my shoulder so near to my face,
I can't just remember the words that I said;
However, I think that they suited the case.

If she loved me, I'd save her, or something like that;
She whispered she did, as she clung by my side.
You think that I had the advantage? That's pat,
And so perfectly so that it can't be denied.
Then down to the station the bucket sped fast,
As though it had waited this very result,
And we reached her distracted relations at last,
Where the pale candles shone on the nervous tumult.

What had been the matter? How were we detained?
Were we safe? Were we hurt? Should we go? Should we stay?
I said that I thought it was best we remained,
But my darling seemed quiet the rest of the day,
And so all will end as I wish. Give me joy!
Though she says she was jesting, I hold her secure;
I will speak for you now as my best man, old boy,
For I'll need you some time pretty soon, I am sure.

THE SONG OF SILVER

From the heart of the Rockies I come,
Wakened up, in my deep silent home,
From my sleep of the centuries there,
By the drill and the glare
Of brilliant explosions in air.
I have been in the heart of the furnace entombed.
There was that, in my heart, that could not be consumed.
I shall live when the hands that evoke me to-day
With their cunning and strength shall have long passed
away.
One pure flake, from the store house of nature I come,
From "The Rockies"—my home.

CHARITY

THE WATER SYSTEM OF DENVER IN 1883 WAS THE HOLLY SYSTEM AND USUALLY REFERRED TO AS "THE HOLLY."

AS you sit by the fire discussing together
The many discomforts of very cold weather;
How house-plants are frosted, although fires shine,
And "The Holly" is useless the most of the time;
How shopping's suspended by cold and by storm,
And one's time nearly taken to keep one's self warm;
While mentioning trials you have to endure,
For a moment desist—and remember the poor!

Ah, think of the people both homeless and cold,
Whose misery and suffering cannot be told;
Of mothers who have not a morsel of food
Or a blanket to wrap up their cold, starving brood;
Of the tents they inhabit, with feet cold and bare—
And to those who have nothing, give what you can spare.
Think, in merciful kindness, of what they endure,
And, forgetting small trials, remember the poor.

Are you Christians? You know, then, 'tis Christ that you feed
When you minister unto the sufferer's need;
It is Christ that you clothe, 'tis with him that you share
The bounty He gives and intrusts to your care.
Can you ask "daily bread" from the bountiful One
When you know what He gives you to do is undone?
Ah, when Mercy and Charity knock at your door,
It is Christ that entreats you, "Remember the poor."



"A roofless cabin, of logs rough hewn."



THE DESERTED CLAIM

UP where the snow shines pure and white
On the peaks that point to the summer sky,
Up in the gulch by the evening light
I saw, as we travelled slowly by,
A claim deserted and left alone,
A shaft half sunk in the mountain side,
A roofless cabin, of logs rough hewn,
Where some one had labored till hope had died.

And later on, when our camp was made
And the white tents pitched for another night,
While the pine-trees weirdly tossed and swayed
In the cheerful glow of our camp-fire light;
When merry voices rang on the air,
And smiling faces flashed in and out;
I thought of that cabin, rude and bare,
Of its owner, who labored in hope and doubt.

He had come, perhaps, from some Eastern home,
For speedy wealth, to the Western clime,
And homesick and weary, and all alone,
He had faithfully toiled for some friendly sign.
Cold moans the wind through the canon deep,
And the coyote cries through the night hours drear;
There are unknown footsteps that softly creep,
And the voice of the burro is kindly cheer.

Still he dreamed as others had done before—
As others shall do in the days to come—
Of finding wealth in unbounded store,
And joyfully bearing his treasure home;
Dame Fortune is chary when all is told,
Her smiles are the hardest on earth to gain,
And where one is favored with shining gold
A thousand others may toil in vain.

Thus I sit and muse in the camp-fire glow,
While the welcome evening meal is spread,
And the sound of the river comes soft and low,
And the stars shine brilliantly overhead;
For my heart is saddened as day by day
We pass in sunshine or dripping rain,
That frequent road-mark upon our way,
A deserted, desolate mining claim.



PROSPERITY

He built a cabin beneath the hill,
 Facing the west where the sun went down;
He worked with a steadfast, joyful will,
 While the leaves were sere and the earth was brown;
He worked as a miner has need to do,
Who has made up his mind to work for two.

There in the spring he brought his bride,
 Loving and fair-faced, brave and young,
When the birds sung sweet on the mountain side,
 And the gentians blue in the valley sprung;
While brighter than western sunshine shone
The light of love in that tiny home.

His strong brown hands, day after day,
 Labored and ever stronger grew;
While, in a womanly, winsome way,
 Her small hands ever were busy, too;
And lovers still when the day was o'er,
They laughed and talked by the open door.

Bright rugs she knit for her rough-hewn floor,
And ruffles white at the windows hung;
She made the most of their scanty store,
Deftly and sweetly she wrought and sung;
While the birds and the bees peeped in to see
What caused such brightness and melody.

Time sped in his long accustomed way,
And the seasons hand in hand passed by,
Till the news flew through the camp one day,
"They have struck it rich in the Firefly";
And the miner carried home with joy,
The news to his wife and baby boy.

"Dear heart," he cried, "it has come at last;
I have waited long for this golden day,
Our labor and poverty now are past,
We will sell the mine and go away;
And every happiness under the sun
I'll procure for you and the little one."

He sold the mine and they went away,
From the little home on the hillside brown;
You can see them almost any day,
As they come and go in the busy town;
But if wealth has doubled their happiness
There's no surface sign of its sweet success.

THE ROBINS

LEADVILLE

THERE'S no sign of spring verdure,
To cheer longing eyes;
There is only a softened
Warm hue to the skies:
While the mountains less snowy appear,
And our hearts would still fear
That the spring was not here—
But the robins have come!

Why they seek mountain peaks,
Grey with rock, cold with snow,
Instead of the clover clad
Meadows below,
Or the fields where sweet apple-trees bloom,
Where fresh budding greenness is breathing perfume,
No one knows; but each heart has a welcome in tune,—
For the robins have come!

Up the side of the mountain,
I listen to hear
His dear, welcome voice,
Piping gladsome and clear;
And he sings to my heart, "Lo, the winter is past,
Be content, be content, where your lot may be cast,
Make the most of your blessings, while blessings shall last;
To help you I've come."
And the robins are here!



CAMPING OUT

ESTES PARK, 1887

Oh I've had such a jolly time,
I scarce can write it down!
Have been off on a camping trip
And just got back to town;—
And for the sake of those poor souls
Who had at home to stay,
I'll give you the experience
Of one who's been away.

Camping on the mountain,
Camping on the plain,
In the broiling sunshine,
In the pouring rain;
With the gay mosquito
And festive ants and flies,
Where pleasure, like the wood-tick,
Never, never dies.

Where the sand and wind-storms
And other joys you meet
Make you for the moment
Quite forget the heat.
You live on ham or bacon,
With biscuit piping hot;
Or, if these rations fail you,
Why, you live on what you've got.



"You sit about the camp-fire
And hear weird stories told."

New York Public Library,
Jackson Square Branch:
251 WEST 13TH STREET
CIRCULATION DEPARTMENT.

You think of daily papers,
And fruit and things you've seen;
And wonder if again on earth
You ever can be clean.
Dirt sifts on your person,
It gathers on your clothes,
And gently spreads from ear to ear
Across your sunburnt nose.

You sit about the camp-fire
And hear weird stories told;
You sing into the "wee sma'" hours
And catch your death of cold.
And then upon the pine branches
In your pretty tent so white,
You try to sleep in blankets moist
For the balance of the night.

The coyotes cry, but what of that?
You strive to still your fears,
While the night grows cold and colder
And the bugs creep in your ears.
You might feel quite unhappy,
Sometimes, without a doubt;
Unless constantly assured,
"It's so nice, this camping out!"

CAMPING OUT

You feel you've been out camping
For ages, so to speak,
When, by the trusty almanac,
It's only just a week.
There's lots of fun in camping—
You scorn the things you lack;
But oh, the greatest fun of all
Consists in coming back!

COMPENSATION

IN a brilliant blaze of amber
The sun has sunk to rest,
Leaving but a golden glow
On the highest mountain crest;
And the shadows of evening find their way
Where pick and shovel have rung all day.

There's an odor of pine and spruce
Upon the snow-cooled breeze,
That wanders down through the canon
And flutters the aspen leaves;
There's a twitter of birds and a coyote's cry,
When stars shine out in the darkening sky.

Down from his work comes the miner
To his lowly cabin home,
Weary with all the labor
His sturdy strength has known;
Tired and slow at the close of day,
Miner and burro wend their way.

The world seems filled with labor,
With toil and endless care,
That come like the rain from heaven,
And each must take his share;
Now, after his daily work is done
The weary miner comes slowly home.

COMPENSATION

There's a gleam of light in the darkness
 As the door is open thrown,
And children and wife come out to meet
 And welcome the dear one home;
With laughter and loving words, once more
They lead him in at the cabin door.

How he prizes that little circle
 With its wealth of homely joy;
It strengthens heart and brain and hand
 For another day's employ,
No sweeter rest in the world is known
Than that in the miner's humble home.

The heart is full of thankfulness
 When all things go to prove
That the world, though full of labor,
 Contains so much of love;
Like the rain and sun, it is everywhere,
And all things living can have their share.

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ULTIMA THULE

AS we climb the rugged mountain
And a moment pause to rest,
With the weariness of climbing
And the sun's fierce heat oppressed,
Misty, cool and purple seeming
Are the peaks which rise beyond,
With the snow upon them gleaming
Just a little farther on.

Up the canon bloom wild roses,
In rich, fragrant beauty shown.
Every onward step discloses
Some fresh loveliness unknown.
Yet in all this massed completeness
That the pleased eyes rest upon,
Those we covet for their sweetness
Are a little farther on.

Thus the sculptor with new treasure
In the marble block unseen,
And the poet with his measure,
And the artist with his theme,
Strive with patience and persistence
Toward the summit to be won,
That seems ever in the distance—
Just a little farther on.

New York Public Library
CENTRAL RESERVE
125th Street Branch
224 EAST 125th STREET
CIRCULATING DEPARTMENT.

Ah, the wistful eyes must slumber,
While the busy hands have rest,
And ambitions without number
Sleep within a pulseless breast,
Ere the veil that hides fruition,
With its haven surely won,
Parts before our waiting vision,
Just a little further on.

AT TOMICHI

YES, this is the spot where they fought for the claim,
 Those miners, determined and strong;
Up the steep rock side of the canon they came,
 To settle the right and the wrong;
And the emblems of justice shone bright in the sun—
Of stern Western justice—the pistol and gun.

Clear the mountain tops shone on the pale wintry sky,
 And the snow drifted fleecy and cold:
It is naught to the miner what season is by
 While he suffers and toils after gold,
And chases the phantom, delusive and bright,
Of fortune which ever recedes from his sight.

Stern eyes looking up and stern eyes looking down
 From the prospecting site they both claim;
There's "possession or death" in each face, set and brown,
 In that moment before the shock came.
Then a flash, an explosion, a deep stifled groan,
And a miner had gone o'er the snowy range, home.

Yes, this is the spot where, so quiet to-day,
 A small pretty bird has her home;
There is never a sign of that dreadful affray,
 And the bird holds possession alone.
She has no fear or doubt in her innocent breast,
As she looks at us brightly and broods in her nest.

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SOME ONE'S SERVANT GIRL

SHE stood there leaning wearily
Against the window frame;
Her face was patient, sad, and sweet,
Her garments coarse and plain;
"Who is she, pray?" I asked a friend,
The red lips gave a curl,
"Really, I do not know her name;
She's some one's servant girl."

Again, I saw her on the street
With burden trudge along;
Her face was sweet, and patient still,
Amid the jostling throng,
Slowly, but cheerfully, she moved,
Guarding with watchful care
A market-basket much too large
For her slight hands to bear.

A man,—I'd thought a gentleman—
Went pushing rudely by,
Sweeping the basket from her hands,
But turning not his eye;
For there was no necessity,
Amid that busy whirl,
For him to be a gentleman—
To some one's servant girl.

Ah, well it is, that God above
 Looks in upon the heart,
And never judges any one
 By just the outer part;
For if the soul be pure and good,
 He will not mind the rest,
Nor question what the garments are
 In which the form is dressed.

And many a man and woman fair,
 By fortune reared and fed,
Who will not mingle here below
 With those who earn their bread,
When they have passed away from life,
 Beyond the gates of pearl,
Will meet before their Father's throne
 With many a servant girl.

ABSENCE

"I haven't the time to write to-day
As I really could wish to do,
But read between the lines with care;
Whatever you wish, you can find it there.
I am busy, so I can only say
I am well—write soon—adieu!"

'Tis so hard to read between the lines
In this wearisome world of ours,
The eyes grow dim with unshed tears,
The heart is heavy with doubts and fears,
And we cannot see to read at times
As we might in brighter hours.

Then write it out what you have to say
To mother, or sweetheart, or wife,
Only a few short lines, 'tis true,
Not much labor or time for you,
But unto the loved ones far away
It may be the sunshine of life.

Then tell them how often and lovingly
You think of the bygone times;
Tell them—if far from them—you miss
The morning smile and the evening kiss,
Nor leave them to look in a wistful way
For kind words between the lines.

WHEN I MEAN TO MARRY

NOT BY JOHN G. SAXE

WHEN do I mean to marry? Well,
If you would really like to hear,
I do not know that I can tell
The very day, or month, or year.

'Twill be when I a man have met
Who of ambition has no lack,
Who ne'er was known to gamble yet,
Or drive fast horses on the track;

Who never comes home late at night
From drinking with the men in town,
And cannot get the latch key right,
Because the house stands upside down;

Who never goes into a store
And suits himself the best he can,
Then, when he's traded less or more,
Says, "Have it charged to the old man."

Now when I meet this good, true man,
Who's not ashamed to earn his bread,
Who early in his life began
The honest, upright road to tread;

If he would like a helping hand
Gladly to work with him through life,
If he would like me as I am,
I'll be his cheerful, loving wife.



NEVER MIND

I have a few words for my friends—
I do not mean the rich and gay—
And you who are thus worldly blest
Don't list to what I have to say.
If you be one who has few friends,
To whom the world has been unkind,
I wish to whisper in your year,
Be good and true, and never mind.

If nature has not given you
Beauty of feature, form, or face;
If feet and hands are both untaught,
And you have neither wit nor grace;
If you are plain and poorly clad,
And little worldly favor find,
Keep a pure heart within your breast,
Work patiently, and never mind.

If thoughts too beautiful for words
Come to you in your leisure hours—
Thoughts that you never can express
Brought to you by the birds and flowers;
Although the world may never know
The beauty in your soul confined,
Do all the good which you can do,
Perform your part, and never mind.

NEVER MIND

We do not know the reason why
 Earth was not all of beauty made,
Nor why the sunshine bright and fair
 Is ever hid by storm and shade;
We only know that so it is—
 That so it was at first designed;
We'll cheerful and contented be,
 And trust in God, and never mind.

MY AUTOGRAPH

MAY God's dear love go with you,
 Through the sunshine and the rain,
To intensify your happiness,
 And soften all your pain.
I can wish you nothing better,
 Than this refuge which shall stand,
" The shadow of a mighty rock
 Within a weary land."

THERE'S A WAY

IS there something in your heart
 You would really wish to do;
A great purpose to perform,
 Something noble, good and true?
Though the way seem very dark,
 Work with patience day by day;
If you have a will at heart—
 There's a way.

There's a seed within the ground,
 In a hard and gloomy shell;
It would be a climbing vine
 In the sunlight it would dwell,
And with purpose firm and true
 Waits in patience day by day;
By and by the shell will burst—
 There's a way.

God will send the sun and rain
 To the heart and to the seed;
Waiting will not be in vain,
 Patient faith is what we need.
There are many things to do
 As we journey day by day;
Each perfected work will prove
 There's a way.

WATER LILIES

WHERE the tree-tops bend and meet,
Casting shadows at their feet,
Mottled sunlight falling through,
Kissed by zephyrs, bathed in dew,
Floating idly on the stream
In a happy summer dream,
Starry eyes and breasts of snow,
Perfumed water lilies grow.

All untouched by worldly art
Are the lilies like the heart;
Only thriving as they should,
In their native solitude;
Growing ever purest where
Teaching comes from earth and air;
Blessings unperverted keep
Water lilies pure and sweet.

Oh, ye blossoms pale and fair!
On my bosom, in my hair
I have placed ye lovingly;
Praying that my heart may be
Something like your breasts of snow,
That my eyes may have your glow,
That my soul be pure and fair
As ye water lilies are.

THE SUNNY SIDE

CRIMSON and amber, purple and pink,
Mingle their hues where the sun doth sink,
 Earth hath a glory rare!
The tints on the waters reflected lie,
The trees are in outline against the sky,
 Beauty is everywhere!
Then open thine eyes that thou mayest see
Some of the beauty God giveth thee.

List to the song of the happy birds!
List to the murmur of kindly words!—
 Voices in earth and air;
The waters babble in merry glee,
A song comes up from the humble bee;
 There is music everywhere!
Then open thine ears that thou mayest hear,
The hymn of the universe, sweet and clear.

Be not then of a sorrowful face,
Cheerfully, manfully, take thy place,
 Whatever ill betide.
Think not that labor is all that be
Under the heavens in store for thee,
 Look on the sunny side!
Open thine heart and thou shalt share,
Bountiful blessings everywhere;
And God, who sendeth the sun and rain,
Will see that thy life is not in vain.

FRUITION DAY

HAVE you some wish within your heart,
 Some steadfast, prayerful, sweet desire,
Some aspiration which can move
 And thrill you with its hidden fire?
Hope on, poor soul, as best you may,
You ne'er will see fruition day.

Blooms there a flower of sweet perfume
 Which, once your own amid the strife,
Would give you strength, and with its bloom
 Would sweeten all your coming life?
Work on, hope on, yet hear me say,
You ne'er will see fruition day.

Rests there a pearl of purest light
 That you would rescue from the brine?
Dive often down to ocean's depth,
 Strive for it—would'st thou claim it thine?
Work manfully as best you may,
You ne'er will see fruition day.

Grows there a field where tender green
 Gives promise of fair golden maize?
Rests there upon those tiny shoots
 Rich promise for the coming days?
Trust on, hope on—aye, hope and pray
You ne'er will see fruition day.

'Tis well, I know, that we should trust,
And well that faith and hope are given;
'Tis blessed that they cheer us on
From hour to hour, this side of heaven;
But ne'er, except in heaven's ray,
Shall we behold fruition day.

God knoweth best; we can but say,
"Thy will be done! Thy will be done!"
And hope and trust, and watch and pray,
Until this earthly course is run,
Till bursts at last the perfect ray
Of glorious, bright fruition day.



HOMELY CHEER

LAUGH if your spirits are joyous,
Sing if your heart should be gay;
God's is the unknown to-morrow,
Ours is the smiling to-day.
Speak, if your thought is of kindness,
Leave not the good word unsaid;
Rich you shall be in the giving,
Others will come in its stead.

Give a hand, firmly and kindly,
Help whom you can on their way,
Hands will grow strong by assisting,
Yet weak if inactive they lay.
Work, though the task may be homely;
Do with a will what you can,
Knowing each duty perfected
Assists in the infinite plan.

Only one note in the music
Seems but a trifle at best,
Yet if 'tis lost or imperfect,
Injury falls to the rest.
Not all can choose on their journey
Just what their life-work shall be,
But humble, or high, it is given
By One who is wiser than we.

Therefore, while traveling onward,
Doing what good we may do,
Feeling contented and thankful,
Praying for strength ever new;
We'll laugh if our spirits are joyous,
Sing, if our hearts may be gay;
God's is the unknown to-morrow,
Ours is the smiling to-day.

SUNSHINE

SO little does it take to make one glad,
A loving word, and however sad
The world appeared when it was spoken,
The heart is light again, the spell is broken,
Sunshine can vanish never.

So little does it take to make one sad,
Some thoughtless act, and however glad
The sun had shone, it fades away,
And clouds and rain drops hold their sway,
The sun has set forever.

Since trifles then make up the sum
Of weal, or woe, when all is done—
Why sigh for wealth, long life or fame,
If we can only sunshine claim,
Love's kindly sunshine ever.



THE FIREMAN

HE had called, and in the parlor
He was sitting, Sunday night,
Without 'twas very cold and damp,
Within 'twas warm and bright;
He sat beside his sweetheart,
(Don't you wish you knew his name?)
And vowed he did not care a fig,
If Monday never came.

Oh, her mouth was redder, sweeter
Than the strawberries we buy,
Which are sent from San Francisco,
And this time of year are high.
She wore the cutest slippers,
And her waist was trim and small---
Just the prettiest girl in Denver,
And I think that says it all.

He was thinking of the comforts
Of a cosy wedded life,
And had wished that moment in his heart
That---someone was his wife;
(I had nearly said her name right out,
And that I must not tell)---
When, worse than Gabriel's dreaded blast,
There clanged the fire-bell.

"To go or not to go" was now
The question, do you see?
He knew that all the other boys
Were out as well as he;
And so this gallant fireman
He did his duty well—
But as he rushed along the street
He muttered, "D—n that bell!"

TRIFLES

ONLY a leaf, which carelessly
A strong hand broke from the maple tree—
Aimlessly broke, and cast away
To die in the dust, one summer day.

Only a violet, simply dressed
With a drop of dew on her purple vest,
Frail and sweet in her dainty suit,
Crushed to death by a passing foot.

Only a bird, which would never sing—
A bird with a broken, scarlet wing—
Over whose heart was an ugly spot
Where life came through, from a careless shot.

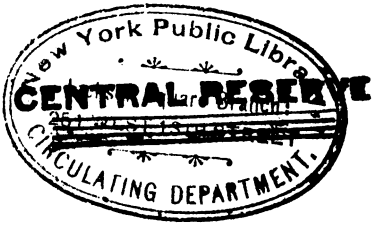
Only a wistful feeling stirred
In the heart to utter a loving word;
Only a timid, sweet advance,
Crushed by a cold, unfeeling glance.

Only the down brushed from the peach;
Only a jesting, thoughtless speech;
Trifles indeed, but weigh them well,
For their power for misery none can tell.

Then, oh, to be careful in all we do—
Wise and thoughtful, and kind and true;
Lest some evil we counted a trifle may
The great, good works of our lives outweigh.

HOME

OH, after wandering
East and West,
How sweet on one's
Home bough to rest!
Go view the world
In pleasant weather,
Then take what comes
At home together.
And is it rain,
Or is it shine,
The light of home
Makes it divine.



JUL 18 1947

